To ſee vs heere vnarmd. I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſick with-all,
To ſee great *Hector* in his weeds of peace,
To talke with him, and to behold his viſage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour ſau'd.

Enter Therſites.

Therſi. A wonder. *Achil.* What?

Therſi. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field asking for himſelfe. *Achil.* How ſo?

Therſi. He muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroycall cudgeling, that he raues in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Therſi. Why a ſtalkes vp and downe like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates like an hoſtiſſe, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to ſet downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regarde, as who ſhould ſay there were witte in this head and twoo'd out: and ſo there is. But it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhow without knocking, the mans vndone for euer, for if *Hector* breake not his neck ith' combate, hee'le breakt himſelfe in vaine glory. Hee knowes not mee. I ſayd good morrow *Aiax*: And hee replyes thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke yeu of this man that takes mee for the Generall? Hees growne a very land-fiſh languageleſſe, a monſter, a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both ſides like a lether Ierkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador *Therſites*.

Therſi. Who I: why heele anſwer no body: hee profeſſes not anſwering, ſpeaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes. I will put on his preſence, let *Patroclus* make demands to me. You ſhall ſee the pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly deſire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the valorous *Hector* to come vnarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe-conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſixe or ſeauen times honour'd Captaine Generall of the armie. *Agamemnon*, do this,

Patr.